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Margot Fonteyn

December 1950

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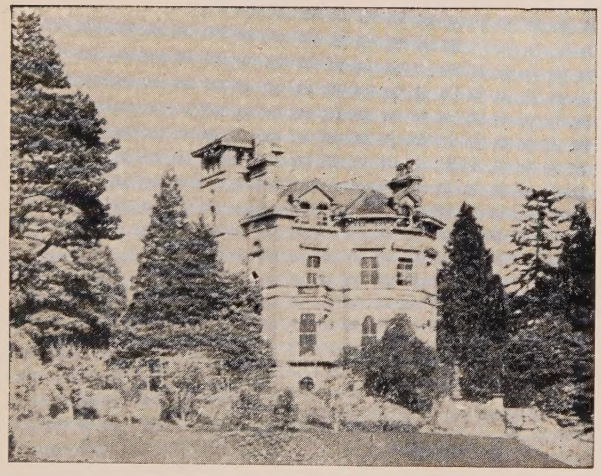

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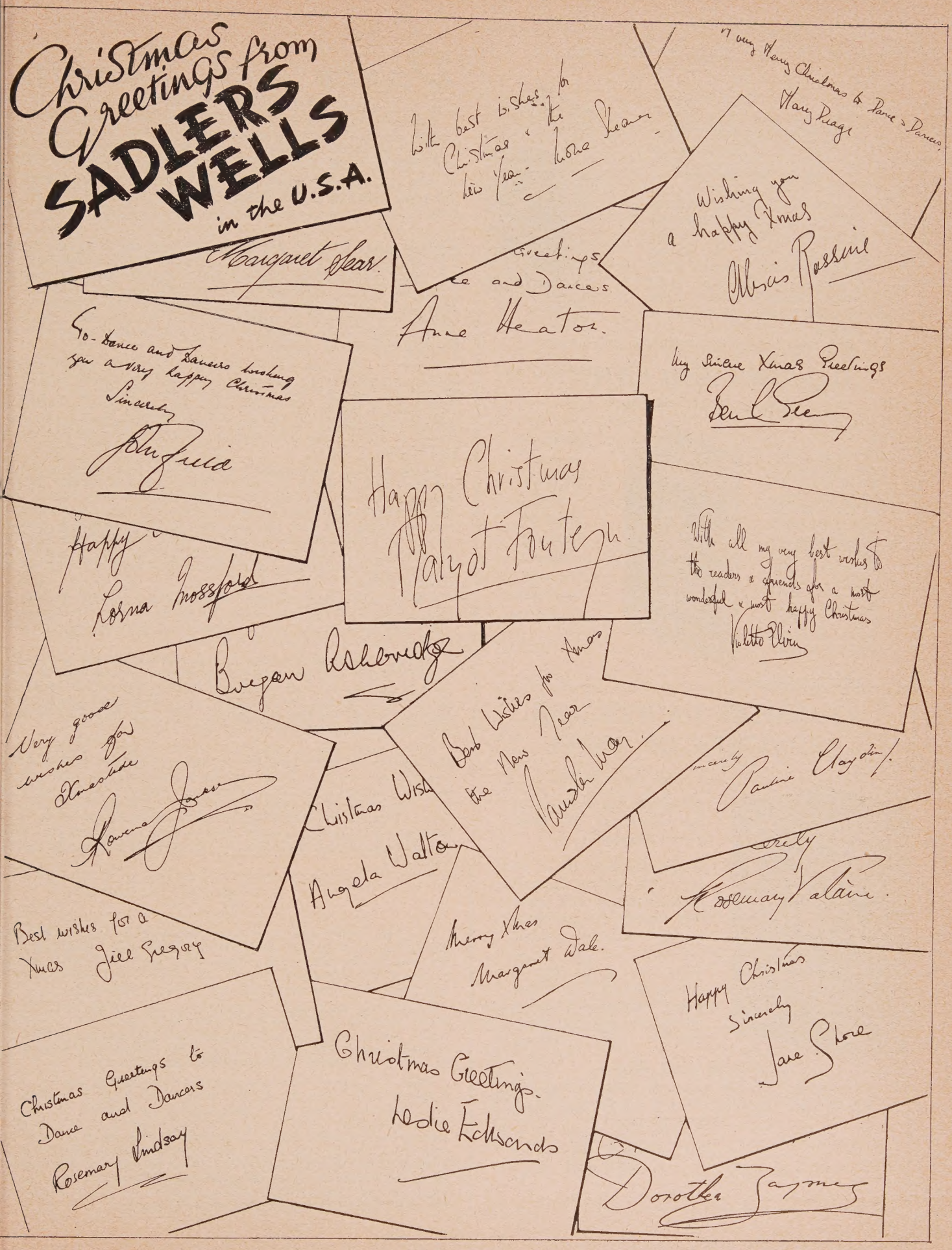
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Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS

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MERSEY HOUSE, 132-4, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E. C

THE season of goodwill is fast approaching and it appears to be the duty of every editor to impart such warm feelings to his readers. Why one should feel this way during a single season of the year only is one of those things that has always baffled me. This is the twelfth time that I have sat down and, with the help of my colleagues and contributors, concocted a number of DANCE AND DANCERS. On each of these momentous occasions I have had no feelings other than of goodwill towards my readers.

Almost exactly a year ago, to the day, I started on the first issue; then I was terrified of you, even more so after that first number appeared. Since then I have, month by month, become less frightened—no longer do I quake at the furious ringing of my telephone, or nervously contemplate those letters "to the Editor" with unknown post-marks and written in ink that can only have been mixed with vitriol in uneven proportions.

Today, my shell has completely hardened and I can stand up to the missiles hurled by reader and dancer alike (frequently the same thing). Though I am sorry when I hear that dancers throw the latest issue across their dressing-rooms in fury, or that ballerinas burst into tears when they read something that does not laud them to the heavens. I am really upset when dancers, whom I thought to be my dearest friends threaten me with libel proceedings. But none of these things alter my resolve to present the Dance and those who perform it, in the fairest and liveliest possible manner.

It is no use anybody accusing me of having a "down" on certain dancers—the art of the dance means far more to me than personalities and I only decry the person who gives a bad or sloppy performance for those who have paid good money to see it.

Anyone might think from reading this, that my life was in constant danger and that I was continually being attacked by irate persons. This is really far from the truth and one of the most pleasant things about the whole year has been the help and encouragement that I have received from my readers. The first year is always said to be the hardest. If that is so, then the future should be very rosy.

My one regret is that I cannot give you the Christmas number that I had hoped for. Owing to the difficulties that occur today in the publishing world, I have not been able to use the beautiful coloured photograph that Felix Fonteyn took of his sister Margot specially for this number; nor is the quality of the paper such that one would like in any year of grace. The paper will be better by February and the colour will be back as soon as it is humanly possible. So with this hope in my heart I wish you all the goodwill in the world and may next year be full of intriguing possibilities.

★

Next year, I understand, is to be one of Festival. Those of us who are not usefully employed are being encouraged to leave London so that there will be more room for the visitors to mill about. All of which seems to be a highly festive idea (DANCE AND DANCERS will acquire a salty tang when edited from some rocky promontory in Cornwall).

I have never much cared for Exhibitions, there always seems to be something most unnatural about natives dancing feverishly, or making useless baskets, while the rain pours down; the spectacle of rosy-cheeked milkmaids madly milking and churning, in the Metropolis, is depressing; and as for those endless vistas of up-ended farm implements . . . !

Ballet is to play an important part in the proceedings and this is as it should be for ballet has become our national pride. It therefore is rather worrying to read that Palm-courted Concert Ballet is to be one of the attractions offered in those curiously shaped edifices cramped together on the South Bank. I hope sincerely that this is not true as, with two exceptions, this form of dance presentation is neither typical of England nor is it popular. In Britain we like ballet in which great stars, surrounded by good companies, are presented in the proper theatrical way. This is what should be shown to the visitors if they are intended to get some idea of what we like in England.

Cover Story

Our cover this month, by Felix Fonteyn, is of his sister, Margot, who is at the moment having a great triumph with the Sadler's Wells Ballet in America.

MARGOT FONTEYN, like the other great English ballerina, Alicia Markova, has developed naturally and gradually to her full meridian. Born at Reigate in 1919 she went to her first dancing school at the age of four. In 1927 her family moved to Shanghai where she continued her studies. During the latter part of her six years in the Far East she was taught by George Goncharov (recently a teacher at the Sadler's Wells School). On her return to England, Fonteyn went to Astafieva who had also taught Markova and Dolin. In 1934 she joined the Vic-Wells Ballet school and very soon she was taking small roles notably that of the young Master of Tregennis in de Valois' *Haunted Ballroom*. When Markova left the company in 1935 it was necessary for somebody to take her place. Fonteyn was now ripe to fill that gap and she took over most of the classical roles. In 1936, Ashton created, specially for her, the principal role in *Apparitions* and from then on he has created roles for her that have fitted her gradual development. Today she is the first completely English-trained *ballerina assoluta* to receive the acclaim of the entire world.

Although it is as a classical ballerina that she nightly fills Covent Garden to overflowing, her performance in modern roles is equally exciting. Nobody can touch her in Ashton roles and she proved in Roland Petit's *Les Demoiselles de la Nuit* that there is nothing beyond her range. Next year she will dance Aurora in the film version of the Petipa-Tchaikovsky *Sleeping Beauty* and it is good to know that one of greatest dancing performances of our time will be recorded for all time.

Contributors

CARYL BRAHMS, in a festive mood, describes the Festival Ballet production of *The Nutcracker* (pages 7 and 8), and *Les Sylphides* and *Petrouchka* (page 21).

ELSA BRUNELLESCHI our television critic writes on page 13.

MOLLY LAKE, Director of Continental Ballet who was with the Pavlova company for many years, contributes an article on the immortal dancer (pages 12 and 13).

BRYAN MATHESON, who has frequently contributed to these pages, writes about the relationship between ballet and the Circus. (pages 9 and 10).

HERBERT STONELEY, a new contributor, writes on the relationship between ballet and pantomime (page 11).

EVAN SENIOR, our music critic, writes about fairy tales and ballet (page 17) and new gramophone records (page 10).

RAY POWELL, principal character dancer with Sadler's Wells, continues his description of that company's tour in America (page18).

CLIVE BARNES reviews the two new ballets by David Paltenghi, given by The Rambert Ballet (page 21).

Next month

In our January number :—

COVER OF JOHN GILPIN

REVIEW OF THE YEAR

THREE GISELLES IN LONDON

FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL

VERA ELLEN

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Alicia Markova as the Snow Queen supported by Anton Dolin as the Nutcracker Prince in the first act finale of Festival Ballet's The Nutcracker
(*action photo : Roger Wood*)

A CHRISTMAS CARYL by BRAHMS

CHRISTMAS is a festival season. And a Christmas ballet mounted by a Festival company is an invitation to the critic to, as it were, mull his punches!

I raise my glass, as usual filled to overflowing, and benevolent to a degree I give you a number of toasts.

First I give you *Dance and Dancers* in this, its First Birthday issue. May all of you be reading all of us in these same columns, this time next year of peace.

Next I give you, and this with confidence, Festival Ballet, a young company newly convened to support two cherished stars of the ballet, Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin.

The company I have said, is a young company. And I claim your indulgence for it if, because it is young, there will be times when it will be optimistic rather than skillful, times when its "towering ambition" tapers into a totter. At least it is not raddled with experience—and boredom.

Let me come into the open: I love this company and I want you to love it. "Magnificently unprepared for the long littleness" of the pirouette? It is brave and gay and spirited, and as I see it steering clear of calamity here, and avoiding incipient chaos there, I find that I have not been bored by yet another dubious revival of yet another miraculously surviving old war-horse.

Did the ensemble and the Mirlitons dance the third act of *Casse Noisette* disgracefully on the opening night? It did. But Christmas is a jolly festival and this is a jolly company with many a festival before it. May it give us a more (a much more) meticulous first act some other time.

(More punch?)

Next I give you Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin, the Archducal partnership of the Dance.

Once again I am coming right out into the open. Pat and Alicia are my dear friends. Our friendship has been forged out of the years in which they have never offended against the first rule of the theatre-artist, Give your show: and I have never offended against the only rule that really counts in criticism: Write the truth as you see it.

Because Markova and Dolin have always kept their side of this bargain, I have been greatly helped in keeping mine. And I would like to think that my pleasure when their incomparably theatrical partnership draws me to the theatre, and all the gratitude and some of the affection I owe them, passes to my pen when I write about them.

(Open that window and let the keen, kind air of truth into our midst, because in the end the truth is the kindest thing of all, and under the influence of the husky treble journey of Good King Wenceslas, which comes floating through the lattice, we can tell truth kindly.)

Now for it: Does Dolin dance with the lightness and litheness of his bounding youth? No. And he would not thank me if I told you other. Has Markova quite recovered from her recent illness? Not perhaps quite. And does this matter in the very least, excepting of course to them? No. I will tell you why, or better still, you shall tell me.

(Pass the Punch, please)

What is it that you go to see when you go to see Markova and Dolin? You go to see Markova and Dolin, a unique combination of two unique artists of the Dance.

Do you look for academic precision in this combination, so at one with itself, set in the very heart of the note of the music, that it is less a combination than a simultaneous combustion into Dance? To search for class-room precept would be to waste your time. Markova and Dolin have left Académie far, far behind.

Let me tell you what I see in the Dance of Alicia Markova. I see a thousand candles and everyone of them alight and shining. Two thousand candles—more Punch!—To me Markova's dance is the spirit of Tchaikovsky's music. To see her posing *en quatrième sur scène* is to see the apotheosis of The Dance. Her *pas-de-bourrée* is tapped out with the meticulous elegance of a piece for harpsichord by Scarlatti, her arabesque, once it is achieved, can stop time for me. Her *Fée Dragée* (pass the French dictionary—okay then, pass the punch!) is the crisp sweet crackle of a sugar-plum popped into the expectant mouth of a child at a Christmas party. But her Giselle of the White Act is a camellia worn at a woman's decolletage. In the air she is ice. *Sur terre* particularly when *en bourrée* she is the flame at the tip of that yule log.

Markova is my kind of miracle—one which renews itself each time I seek it.

(More punch!)

What do I see in the dance of Dolin?

Theatrical excitement in every minute of it. Dolin is incapable of making a dull entrance onto the scene—of leaving it unnoticed. To Dolin the stage is as the strike to a match only more consistently instantaneous. And if he frequently offends against the class-room canons of the Ballet he never varies his approach to it as an art. Above all Dolin is the perfect Cavalier to his Ballerina. No ballerina was ever displayed with the pride, the understanding, the *brio* that Markova enjoys. Dolin

(*Above*) *Alicia Markova in two positions from the Sugar-Plum variation in the* grand pas de deux *from the second act of* The Nutcracker. *The photographs clearly show the remarkable tutu made by Madame Manya, who made all Pavlova's costumes for many years*
(*All action photos by Roger Wood*)

(*Left*) *Alicia Markova supported by Anton Dolin in the second act* grand pas de deux *from Festival Ballet's* Nutcracker. *This is probably one of the most spectacular of all dances for two people. The choreography is by Petipa in spite of the fact that the rest of the ballet is attributed to Ivanov.*

(*continued from previous page*)

is the finely wrought setting from which the rare jewel glitters.

I give you Markova and Dolin, may they long continue to light the stage with their entrance upon it. (More mull?)

And now I want to commend three young dancers to your deep heart's core; one elegant, eloquent, his language in his limbs and his feeling in his dance; John Gilpin. Another a spirited vigorous actor-dancer, with great promise in his performances—Louis Godfrey. The third a clown who takes what comes and makes it laughable—Keith Beckett.

Gilpin is the English Heir Apparent to the realm of the Danseur Noble. He has the elegance of Skibine, but lacks this artist's softer qualities. But hardness melts with youth, mulls with experience. And it's a long ride to York—or have I mixed my Gilpins? And Godfrey brings a hopeful disposition (and a hopeless dancing name) to all he does or cannot yet quite do which won me from the outset. He is of the general utility type—the line that leads from Woizikovski. We need dancers of his gusto and spirit. (More Mull!)

Casse Noisette with which Festival Ballet opened its London Season at the Stoll Theatre, is not only a good seasonal line for the shop-window (and how good it is to see an Opera House return to its rightful use) but a good high-spirited romp into which the company hurls its hopeful high spirits.

Now don't imagine for a moment that you will be seeing the Casse-Noisette Ivanov. I don't suppose any of us ever have, with the haphazard handing-down of dance before the coming of the film-screen archives. And anyway what Ivanov we did see at the Wells was never of the first flight of inspiration.

But you will find a genial ballet at the Festival, in which any shoulder that happened to be in the vicinity was called upon to put itself to this plum pudding of a wheel—Beriosoff, Markova, Gracie Cone, Dolin, all took a turn at the stir. And the result is an excellent Christmas lucky-dip. (Markova put in her thumb and pulled out some music which Sidova's choreographic wand turned instantly into a solo for her. Dolin swiped the music meant for the journey to the land of the Sweets and used it for a *pas-de-deux*, and Christmas only knows what Beriosoff borrowed.) You will enjoy the ballet a lot now, and a lot more later when the company dance it better.

But in spite of all this mulling-up I can find little to like in the decoration of this ballet, so contenting myself with the reflection that The Land of Sweets had no doubt undergone another cut in the ration, let me address myself to the orchestra.

Gentlemen, if you would pay your conductor the courtesy of looking at him, you would get the benefit of his very good beat, and we of the audience would hear some of the most enchanting music ever written for the ballet played with exactitude, theatrical excitement and unanimity. You have in Mr. Hubert Foster-Clark a conductor who knows exactly what he wants from you—your undivided attention. Give it to him. And if you must refresh yourselves with snuff during the performance I entreat you not to sniff so loudly that your "snnff" can be heard in Row G No. 3 of the stalls.

(Passch Punssch!)

And now, dear Reader, my last toast—it should of course have been my first.

I give you—Yourself! Here's to My Reader, to whom I am pledged, by reason of my calling, to write the truth and nothing but the truth—as I see it. So help me God.

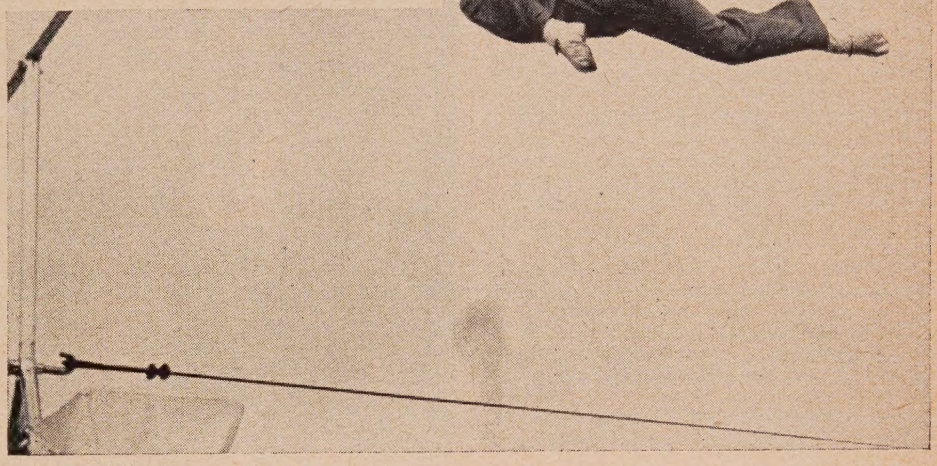
And the whole truth?

(Hic!)

Ballet and The Circus

by BRYAN MATHESON

At this season of the year, Circuses and Pantomimes play a major part in public entertainment. Ballet is intricately woven into both these branches of theatrical art as will be seen in this article and the one on page eleven.



Above. Harold Barnes, known in America as the "Nijinsky of the wire", is the only person who has been able to do ballet steps on a wire.

Below. Con Colleano, the greatest living wire act, has won fame not only for his amazing technical skill but also for the grace and artistry he brings to the presentation. Dancers could learn a great deal by watching his act.

BALLET dancers and circus performers have much in common. Probably more than either would be prepared to admit. Their arduous training starts at an early age (earlier in the Circus than in the Ballet. An acrobat's child often starts elementary balancing at the age of six months). Their work demands a high standard of physical fitness, and, in most cases, rigorous daily practice. Neither race nor creed influences their judgment of a fellow performer's capabilities, and the big circuses are as international as the pre-war Russian Ballet, and lack the squabbling over billing and casting which has often marred that institution in the past. For, in the Circus, it is the proprietor who decides who shall receive the most effective billing, and what position in the programme he (or she) shall occupy. And no performer, however important, dares to question his decision. It is only fair to add that in one or two of the smaller family circuses, the goodwill of the business is not always so apparent, and one celebrated circus family has had to split up owing to the continual disagreement among its members. But that state of affairs is not confined to the Circus.

Neither in the Ballet nor in the Circus is utter incompetency possible. The great French ballet-master and theoretician of the 18th century, Jean Georges Noverre has written that "Ballet is an art form which does not admit of mediocrity, it exacts a perfection difficult to acquire". And the same might be written of the Circus. With this difference. It is possible for a bad dancer to have his (very) little hour upon the stage. Whereas a bad circus performer would not last the length of a performance. He would either break his neck, or (in the case of a wild animal trainer) be mauled to death.

One of the many misapprehensions about the Circus, is that sensationalism is its sole *raison d'etre*. But, in fact, that is only a small part of the performance. There are artists in both spheres. And there are performers, however brilliant, who will never be artists. A Con Colleano, for example, receives the plaudits of the more critical for the sheer artistry of his presentation, and not just for the technical tricks, brilliant though these are. In the Circus, as in the Ballet, the general public most loudly cheers the technically sensational, with little regard for the artistry displayed. But cheap effects are scorned by the true circus artist, as they are by the ballet dancer. Showmanship is a different matter. Any stage artist worth his salt has a solid nugget of that secure in his bones. Irving, Chaliapine, Nijinsky, Pavlova. Each had his share of showmanship. Without it, how much less of a performer any one of them would have been.

For the average circus performer, the performance is the important thing. True, he is there to please the public. And if they don't like him, then he won't last long with the circus. But during the actual performance his own standards have to be satisfied. And if these are high, and his own talents are equal to them, then an outstanding, maybe even great, performance will result. Mr. Henri Thetard in *La Merveilleuse Histoire du Cirque*, quotes the continental performer Maiss on the subject of travelling a wire or tightrope. "You have to work as if you are alone in the hall, your eyes continually fixed on an imaginary point that you have created for yourself in the centre of the apparatus" says Mr. Maiss, adding that "Dancing, above all, is necessary to the wire walker, as it was to the former mountebanks. It is that which gives the balance, the grace of movement, the precision in the use of your legs". And it is that great artist of the wire, Con Colleano, who helped to bring back the basis of dancing in this branch of the circus, and revived artistry in what had become just a series of tricks.

It has remained, however, for a young American—Harold Barnes—to execute the first series of ballet steps on the wire. You will probably have seen him last summer either in "The Skating Vanities" or at the Palladium. With him dancing (and especially ballet) has become an intrinsic part of the act, in which he performs *grand jetés*, *cabrioles*, *pas de chats*, and often *entrechats huit* (which is good for a dancer on a stage, let alone one performing in mid air). In America, the French dancer Jean Guelis would stand in the 'wings' to watch his turn. "Despite his wonderful elevation" says Harold "he could never understand how I could achieve ballet steps on a swaying wire the thickness of a pencil. We used to take classes together in the morning, and he tried to teach me *entrechats dix*. But I'm afraid I couldn't quite make that!" There is no possibility of cheating either. Harold Barnes explains that if, after the *entrechats*, he fails to return to the

(*continued from previous page*)

fifth position, he misses the wire. Although Mr. S. A. Hurok, the New York impressario has tried to persuade him to become a ballet dancer, Harold Barnes remains faithful to his first love. However, his great grand-mother was, in fact, a dancer in London with, he thinks, the Empire Ballet. And it was from his mother that he received his ballet training. Like most circus performers, he was born into the show world. All his relatives are either in the Circus or the Theatre, and his father ran his own vaudeville and stock companies. Even so, it remains a somewhat startling fact that, while he was still a child, he was appearing in the centre ring of Barnum and Bailey's Circus. The star position in the American three-ring circuses.

Since the first circus was started by Astley in 1770 on premises near what is now Waterloo Station, there have been many innovations. But the Circus has great traditions, and remains very loyal to them. During the Bertram Mills Tenting Show last summer, thousands of people had a chance of seeing the famous "Courier of St. Petersburg", the classic ride, in which a man or girl astride two horses gradually takes over the reins of an entire team. This was originally devised by Astley's successor Andrew Ducrow, a century-and-a-half ago. Another historical act, which the Mills also revived, is that of the Ballerina, who is assisted onto the horse by the love lorn clown, who, despite her disdainful treatment, helps to present her charming entrechats and arabesques on horseback to the public.

The Circus always seems to have had a fascination for dancers, and quite a few ballets have contained references to it. Last Christmas, I recall with pleasure Helpmann's and Fonteyn's wholehearted enjoyment of the Mills Circus at Olympia. And, whether or not Balanchine is a circusophile, the fact remains that, only a few years back, he composed a special ballet for the classically tutu-ed elephants in the Ringling Bros.—Barnum & Bailey circus in New York. And, in more serious vein, it is of interest to recall that the celebrated dancer and choreographer Jules Perrot (to whom is attributed the greater part of "Giselle"), who partnered both Taglioni and his wife Carlotta Grisi, started his professional life as circus acrobat. The tendency to-day is to encourage a degree of acrobatic training for male students of ballet, to bring out the more virile qualities essential to a good masculine dancer. And it is a good thing to remember that that great *danseur noble* Anton Dolin was such an outstanding acrobat that Nijinska created a ballet around his technical prowess as one.

I have tried to think of some section of the circus which does not make use of general ballet principles in its presentation. And I am forced to the conclusion that few of the really outstanding artists lack, at any rate, a basic knowledge of it. As many dancers who have worked in an arena, surrounded by the audience, have found, it is impossible to cheat, to 'get away with' anything in such surroundings. And perhaps if both actors and dancers had to perform in a circus ring (which in Grecian times, they undoubtedly had to do) much shoddiness would be revealed, and much true progress made.

The Golden Statues tableau which is a feature of Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia each year. Every year it is different and this group is not the same as the one in the current show.

New Records

Les Sylphides played by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York conducted by Efrem Kurtz. (Columbia DX-1682/3/4).

This is no place to go into the ethics of the score of *Les Sylphides* as music, with *pro* and *con* as to the desirability of orchestrating Chopin's piano music. My own attitude is always to regard this music, not as the original Chopin music in another form, but as something entirely different and new. This is the only way of putting it into its proper perspective—a fact which many dancers and ballet-goers ought to realise. How often have I heard ballet enthusiasts, when listening to fine performances of the original piano music, complaining that "the tempo is all wrong!" What Chopin wrote in the beginning, and what is necessary for a performance of *Les Sylphides* in the theatre, are two entirely different things.

This new version of the music is played by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York, and conducted by Efrem Kurtz, who has had many years of practical experience as a ballet conductor.

The orchestration, too, is different from those usually employed in this country. We know orchestrations by White and by Rieti (the version used, if I remember rightly, on the older H.M.V. recording conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent), and the Gordon Jacob arrangement in use by the Sadler's Wells company in London. This one is by the Russian composer, Alexander Gretchaninoff. It is full and rich, perhaps suited to the slow pace employed in this performance than others would be, and the orchestration of the first waltz (Op. 70, No. 1 of Chopin, danced as a solo in the ballet) is beautifully coloured in the strings and wood-wind.

But I cannot understand the complete omission from this version of the first Mazurka (Op. 33, No. 2)—the soaring surge of *jetés* by the ballerina against a background of sinous arms of the *corps-de-ballet*. This omission is all the more regrettable since there is plenty of room on the discs for it; the A major Prelude, beautifully orchestrated, is played through twice, but takes only half of the 12-inch disc.

Why can't we have a complete recorded performance, in correct order, of *Les Sylphides* music? The older H.M.V. version is even sillier, including on side 4 the A flat waltz which, as far as I know, has never been included in any performance of the ballet.

In many of the sections of the new recording the pace seems to drag. This has nothing to do with actual speed of performance, which is quite all right from the point of view of ballet. Speed and apparent pace are not always the same thing, paradoxically, in a performance of music. You can often have something actually played, if anything, somewhat *faster* than usual, yet sounding slower.

RECORDS RECEIVED

Petrouchka played by Orchestre de la Suisse Romande conducted by Ernest Ansermet. (Decca AX 328-32).

Les Patineurs played by the Royal Opera House Orchestra conducted by John Hollingsworth. (Columbia DX 8357-8).

El Amour Brujo played by George Chavchavadze (Parlophone R 20589-91).

To be fully reviewed next month.

Ballet and Pantomime

by HERBERT STONELEY

IT is said that the majority of people between seven and seventy visit the Pantomime, rather in the way that of old they used to go on pilgrimage, and as religiously. If so, surely they go from a sense of relaxation. The jokes are old, the comedy often crude, but as all children love it, one assumes grown ups attend because it appeals to all that is left of the child in their make-up. How few of them, however, have thought of the origin of the Pantomime. Have you?

Let it be admitted at the outset, that present day Pantomime is as different from the original as chalk from cheese. Modern Pantomime is built round some well known comedian. Two or three, if the backer's bank balance will stand it. These are offset by some fairly good singers who tag modern songs on to a fairy story, or a story which intrigued us when young, though these are twisted and changed beyond recognition, apart from the title. Catchy tunes are added, together with bits of world news, or politics, but in spite of these many changes, there are some things which are sacred. Dick Whittington must have his cat. Cinderella must have her coach. There must be a Puss in Puss in Boots, and little children in Babes in the Wood, no matter how old the two Babes may be. But there is yet another thing which is sacred to the Pantomime, which may have escaped your notice. I mean the dancing.

Here, by dancing one does not mean the figures danced by sets of pretty children, dancing to the latest tune, significant as that might be to the student of the Pantomime. The true spirit of Pantomime demands something better than children can give in dance form. So, in most Pantomimes there are set spectacles such as The Flying Ballet; The Water Ballet; The Military Ballet; The Naval Ballet, and many others. They form the main sets of our Pantomimes. Indeed they are the main sets round which other scenes revolve.

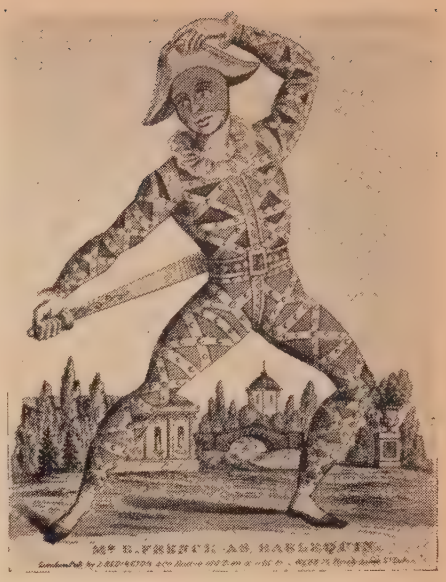
Indeed almost every act has some form of Dance or Ballet Act. These are not just put in to give occupation to girls with pretty figures. Whether most realise it or not, these dance figures and Ballet scenes are the true core of British Pantomime. You doubt this? You imagine that this is stretching history too far in order to fit it to the dance? Then let us dig down into history. And how far should we go? Two hundred years? Three hundred years? You would have to dig back to Roman days, a date which will probably startle you. In Roman days however, Pantomime was the name given to a class of actors who vied with the gladiators for the public applause—*AND THEY WERE DANCERS:* Their entertainment consisted entirely of miming in character. Never a word was spoken. It was a dance act from start to finish. As far as one can gain information the Roman Pantomime was considered 'no dancer' if he used words! He had to convey his ideas purely by gesture and action. The more skilful dancer and posturist he was, the higher was considered his art. We get a clue to this in Continental Pantomime, though this, let us never forget, is quite different from the British style. In Continental Pantomime, especially Italian Pantomime, there are the same principle characters i.e. Pantalone, or Pantaloon, Arlecchino, or Harlequin, and Columbine. But what clues these names are for the student of Dancing and Ballet! How many times are they brought into Mime? Indeed every student knows that they are characters for the dance itself. Anyway that is how they were born. They were however, but the ancient Roman actors re-born at a later date, bringing with them their centuries old art . . . The Dance! The Pantomime deteriorated on the Continent however into singing and comedy shows, shows they were never intended to become. In ancient days there were comedy and tragic Pantomimes, that is comedy and tragic Ballet. Never wholly singing shows.

Madame Vestris as Morgiana in Ali Baba. *She is a typical Regency principal girl.*

ENGLISH PANTO

As we know it now British Pantomime is a modern invention, yet by a freak of fate, it retains the ancient features as its hard core. It has cut right across the traditional art forms, having attached to itself some of the features of French vaudeville. As late as 1723 though, the date when Pantomime was first introduced into England, Pantomime was always simple easily followed Mime. The earliest of all Pantomimes was called 'Harlequin Doctor Faustus, which was a very simple Ballet. In the beginning these 'dance entertainments' as they were described, were experiments to keep up box office receipts during the off season. It was thought that this dancing form of entertainment might bring a little cash during those days when straight plays would not draw. They were introduced at Christmas time when audiences might feel most lenient towards the theatre. By a subtle stroke of fate they have now become the theatre's greatest money spinner, always staged at Christmas time, though there is no real reason for this.

That Pantomime is another form of Ballet can be realised from another angle. There was a great innovation at the Garrick Theatre in 1758. A clown was introduced. But he wore the traditional Pantomime dress of pointed hat and pantaloons. It was only his face which appeared clownish. With the passage of time, all these things are identified with the clown. This innovator was Giuseppe Grimaldi, the father of a more famous son. And let us not forget, he was the *Maitre de Ballet.* His innovation was just a sideline. He was followed by his son Joseph who made other changes. For instance until Joseph Grimaldi's day, tradition said that Harlequin must never be absent from the stage. All through the show, for that was the way of Pantomime, he had to be there, posturing, gesturing. In short, he was telling the story in the forgotten Mime, or Dance form. A show alongside the show. The old and new forms of Pantomime alongside each other. The younger Grimaldi, obviously ignorant of the roots of Pantomime, not seeing the necessity of this when there was now a spoken and sung story for the audience to follow cut out this link with tradition. In its place he added more spectacular dances, dance acts in themselves, dances, as it were, in the mass. A feature which remains to this day. But how laughable to those who know! He actually went back to the oldest Pantomime tradition to give his patrons something new! So by a freak of fate, and the ignorance of one individual, Pantomime retained its oldest and best loved feature, the dance, or the ballet. So, whether Pantomime enthusiasts know anything about the history of their favourite Christmas show or not, those lithe young ladies who come dancing down the staircase in the finale are nearer to the soul and spirit of true Pantomime than any other part of the show. The tragedy is that the majority assume that they are added, 'just for the spectacle of the thing'. If only they knew.



Mr. French as Harlequin. This character is one of the oldest in the history of the theatre having his origin in the classic theatre of Rome. First became known as Harlequino at Bergamo in the 16th century. He has been the subject of many ballets.

YOUR LAST CHANCE

From January DANCE AND DANCERS will only be obtainable if you have given an order to a newsagent for regular delivery—because of the paper shortage there will be no copies for casual sale. Please make sure of your copy NOW by placing an order or send us a postal subscription (see page 4 for detail).

I remember... PAVLOVA

by MOLLY LAKE

(Left) Anna Pavlova in Chopiniana. *This was not the ballet to Chopin music that Fokine created for the Diaghilev company (later to be known as* Les Sylphides). *The version that Pavlova danced had choreography by Clustine and decor by Pasetti.*

The photograph at the bottom of the page, by Bocanegra shows Pavlova taking a call

ANNA PAVLOVA—I can see her now as she came into Egorova's classroom over the old Olympia Music Hall in the Rue Caumartin in Paris—medium tall, incredibly beautifully made, with long, smooth, slim legs and narrow, arched feet. I remember being impressed by the way her plain and beautiful clothes moulded her body and by her peculiar gliding walk. Her head was small, very dark and very smooth; her face pale, with an aquiline nose and large intensely intelligent rather than beautiful eyes. She watched the class for about half an hour with the greatest attention, during which time I was sent for at least five times to be told various home truths in quick, broken English. No smiles softened her criticisms. Her attention was centred not on what we could do in the plain technical sense, but on quality of rhythm, movement and line, and on anything that to her mind seemed to show a lack of intelligence and understanding in our approach to these things. She seemed to require more from the mental and temperamental side than she did from the physical. These impressions stamped on me in this first half hour by the force of her personality were fully borne out during the three years which I spent in her company.

Live, uncompromising, completely unsparing of herself and everyone else, not a soft or gentle personality, she exuded vitality, intelligence and pride. Impatient at any sign of stupidity of apathy she was an immense driving force, sustained always by her complete devotion to her work. Giving all she had to ballet she drove herself to her sudden and tragic death, seeing no reason, I am sure, why the least member of her company should not do the same if necessary.

Oh, those American tours! Oshkosh, Wis., Wallah Wallah, Wash—out of one into the next—what day of the week was it? Heaven knows! still Pavlova kept her enthusiasm and her vitality. Sedalia—I've forgotten in which State—"here they have never seen ballet; we must dance as we have never danced before at Covent Garden or in the Paris or New York Opera Houses—insufficient dressing-rooms, tiny, rough stage, primitive lighting—never mind, we must dance so much better to make up for it".

Night after weary night in the train, shivering on a snow-bound platform at seven in the morning, Pavlova stepping out of the coach aloof and elegant. In the theatre for class at nine o' clock, Pavlova practising for an hour and a half. Sleep or no sleep, cold or no cold, she would be on the stage in her long, looped-up maize coloured or flesh pink practice tunic. Aware of our every movement—nothing escaped her notice—a dirty practice dress or untidy hair—even a dirty comb on our dressing places would come in for her scathing censure. What did we read on our endless train journeys? Without a mind we could not hope to be dancers—"Ugly faces and boarding house souls! Muffins!"—her own words! I can see what she meant now—that immense love of hers goaded into fury by the complacency and lack of awareness of the average British sixteen year old; what she must have suffered at our lack of response to her enthusiasm. But one is apt to be too frightened and unhappy in such conditions to appreciate the meaning behind the apparent harshness.

On holiday though, Pavlova was a very different person. Warm, eager, friendly, sympathetic, childishly excited and pleased at the thought of a sight-seeing expedition—not only must she see everything there was to be seen, but we must see it too. Extra money was given to us that we might see out of the way beauties and wonders—those minds of ours must be developed somehow. Mexico, with its Aztec monuments, its lovely floating gardens and its old Spanish villages; India—Delhi, Agra, the Caves of Ajanta; Japan—Kyoto, the Inland Sea of Miajima, Shanghai and Canton—a dazzling procession, and always Pavlova's figure before us—beautiful, compelling and aware.

The productions in her company were, generally speaking, banal—but, oh! to see her dance again! She was like some possessed thing—her incredible elan and speed-winged feet and mind darting through space—all the beautiful lines alive with the exhilaration of movement and sense of flight. Balance, and poise, (she would hold an arabesque on the point like a long sustained breath; it seemed impossible that she could remain there as long as she did) elevation, *batterie*, *pirouettes*—she had them all, but used them only as a means to an end, not as an end in themselves. She did the simplest things perfectly; she could make the dullest position and enchainement enchanting, from her small head, long neck and lovely drawn down shoulders to the end of her arched and supple feet. She achieved the final metamorphosis from rigid and earthbound flesh to flaming un-trammelled spirit—she

Ran wild over the fields of ether
Broke through the doors of sunset
Danced in and out of the gates of heaven

She was passionate and ethereal—tragedienne and comedienne—aristocrat and peasant—she was the dance as you dream of it.

The photograph on the left, by Bocanegra, shows Vladimiroff as Harlequin with Pavlova as Columbine. Above is a very rare photograph (kindly lent by Anton Dolin) of Pavlova in Firebird *costume designed by Bakst.*

Television by Elsa Brunelleschi

September 30th.

Just by chance in a Variety programme called *Just for fun*; produced by Walter Anderson, I have seen a dance item which was well staged and out of the ordinary. It was a short dramatic Ballet about a young gangster who throws a brick at a jewellers window, is wounded in a fight, chased by the police and who manages to crawl back to his girl's flat where he dies. The action was very well conveyed through the dancing, never becoming heavily realistic as is so often the case in this type of Ballet. I could not make out by the rather mixed up credit titles who the dancers were, but they were all good. Tom Linden who arranged the Ballet, took the leading role. He is a clever and expressive dancer. Let us hope that Television will let us see more of him.

October 2nd.

Even to a professional the first of the "Ballet for Beginners" series which are being repeated from last season, was interesting. One can therefore surmise, that to the lay-viewer, this programme must be most engrossing. The teaching of technique will certainly help people to enjoy viewing Ballet all the more. It is also a privilege to be taken inside a Ballet Studio and be shown how the "works" function. In the original series the commentator was Sadler's Wells Peggy Van Pragh, who gave the lie, by her glamorous personality, to the imperious martinet-type of Ballet Mistress one usually sees in films, or to the bourgeois frump immortalized by Degas. In the present programme, the talking is done expertly by script-writer Felicity Gray.

The high lights of the programme were not so much the variations in costume, as the display of single steps by the dancers in practice dress. Particularly brilliant were the *grande batterie* and the lovely *brisé volés* of Pamela Foster, the well controlled *developé* and *grand rond de jambe* at the *barre* of Sonia Hana and the *high cabrioles* in the *pas de deux* and truly lovely *pirouette a la seconde* of Michel de Lutry. Male dancers should study his powerful arm action in *pirouettes*. Among the demonstrators were Mlles. Callaghan, Foster, Hana, Lidell, Wiscombe, Tate, Bristowe and Collins. Idzikowsky staged the dances; the production was by Philip Bate.

October 7th. Spanish Dancers Trio Alonso and Cecilia Colledge.

Two unexpected items in a mixed evening programme consisting of Wilfred Pickles, Ice Hockey and Cabaret. In the ever popular "Cafe Continental" the Trio Alonso danced some gaudy Cabaret Spanish dances, although the music they used was on the whole rather high-class. The audible heaving, groaning and shouting was very much overdone and it was difficult to see, with so much flying hair and swirling skirts, if the two girls finished their dance prone on their backs or flat on their faces. By singing, without distinction, but in good Spanish, the male partner proved at least, what a good many so-called "Spanish Dancers" cannot do.

The other surprise was Cecilia Colledge's appearance at Harringay Arena, between the two halves of a Hockey match. There must be few lovelier things in the realm of movement than the vision, like a soaring shimmering bird, of this peerless skater. In a profession which seems usually to attract either the pure technician or the acrobat and stunter, Miss Colledge, with her artistry stands supreme, raising ice skating to a level comparable to the performances of great ballerinas. That she is Ballet trained is obvious by her use of *port de bras*, in such steps as the "flying parallel spin" or the "Axel Poulsen jump" a "double tour en l'air en dedans" very much like the leaping of the warriors in *Prince Igor*, which demand both daring and skill. One of Cecilia Colledge's loveliest movements is when she revolves at great speed standing on one foot, in a bent back attitude.

October 18th. Continental Ballet presented by Phillip Bate.

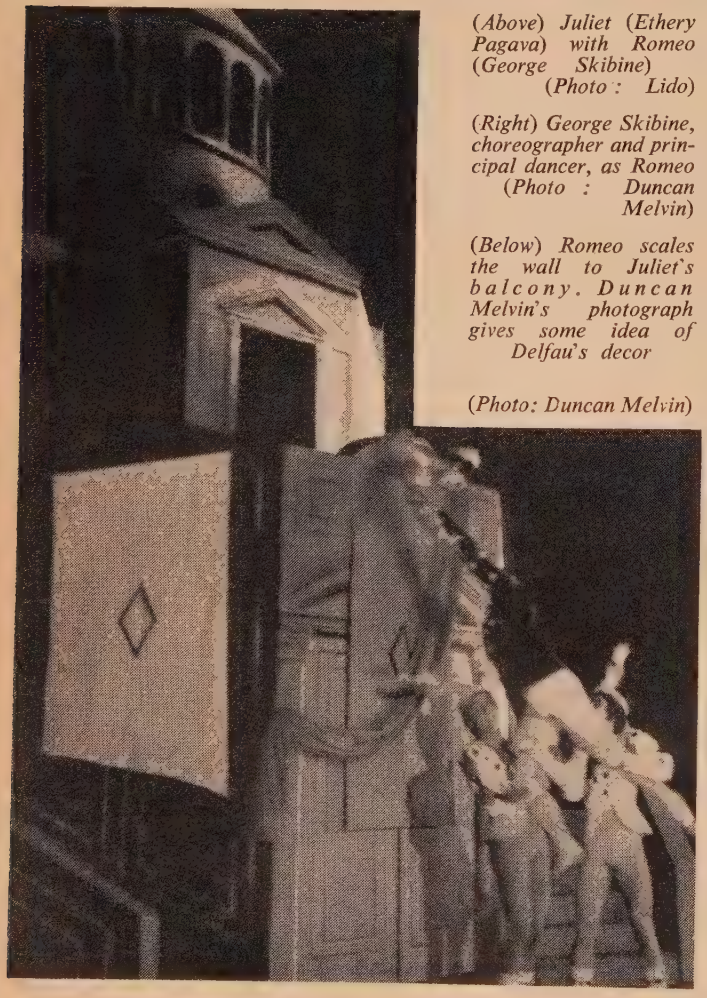
The first part of this evenings ballet programme, consisting of some excellent divertissements, appealed to me most. The *pas de deux* from the first act of *Giselle* was danced with great assurance by two promising youngsters, Kathleen Grey and Roy Evans. The ample arm movements of Molly Lake were the most distinctive part of *Salute to Petipa* to Thchaikowsky music, for which she has also done the choreography. Her Partner in this romantic *pas de deux* was Travis Kemp. Walter Gore that most English of choreographers presented *Bartlemas Dances* to music by Gustav Holst. This fresh frolicsome affair was danced with singular charm by Paula Hinton and Gore himself. The *piece de resistance* was *The Fall from Grace* a new ballet invented by Molly Lake, the director of the company. The music was by John Andrews who conducted the orchestra. Starting in excellent fashion, the antics of a picnicking Victorian family who get mixed up with a bunch of pantomime fairies, went on too long. Some of the episodes were excellent, principally the family album presentations of the parents, the Dog, Aunt Eliza, the horrid child and other characters. The scene of the fairies rehearsing in their forest glade was very funny. Angela Bailey danced and mimed well as Blossom the leading fairy who gets off with Grandpop Ebenezer. The member of the company (still no Radio Times) who took the part of the sailor, is a good *demi-caractère* dancer.

(*Above*) *Juliet* (*Ethery Pagava*) *with Romeo* (*George Skibine*) (*Photo : Lido*)

(*Right*) *George Skibine, choreographer and principal dancer, as Romeo* (*Photo : Duncan Melvin*)

(*Below*) *Romeo scales the wall to Juliet's balcony. Duncan Melvin's photograph gives some idea of Delfau's decor*

(*Photo: Duncan Melvin*)



TRAGEDIE À VERONE

First given on August 4, 1950, at the Theatre du Casino, Monte Carlo. The first performance in Paris (reviewed below) took place on October 2, 1950, at the Théatre des Champs-Elysées. Based on the story of Romeo and Juliet to Tchaikowsky's Fantasy Overture; decor and costumes by Delfau; choreography by George Skibine.

CAST

Romeo	George Skibine
Juliet	Ethery Pagava
Montagues ..	Raoul Celada, Serge Golovine
Capulets	Tania Ouspenska, Cherry Clark, Arlette Castanier, Taina Elg, Josette Laporte, Natacha Tarova, Richard Adama, Vladimir Oukhtomsky, Michel Reznikoff, Oleg Sabline
A monk	Vladimir Brosko

Tragedie à Verone is surprisingly successful when you consider that the elements constituting this ballet are no longer novel. It would have been so simple to do a pale restatement of a story that has already been exposed a number of times.

But the development that Skibine has made of this drama has touched the most profound in us. It is no longer colours, music and movements, distinct one from the other. It moulds itself from a happy combination of these various elements into a single novelty—the Dance. Rare quality that is the "essence of the dance". With his first creation Skibine has shown that he possesses it. Certainly *Tragedie à Verone* does not attain perfection, but it opens the road toward it.

We wish nevertheless that in his future works, Skibine will adhere to using in his constructions more original elements. Those which will permit him, without doubt, to add to the academic dance the richness of expression that it does not have. **George Adamian.**

SALOMÉ

First given by the De Cuevas Grand Ballet at the Theâtre des Champs-Elysées in October, 1950. Music by Richard Strauss; Choreography by Rosella Hightower; Decor and Costumes by Celia Hubbard.

CAST

Salomé .. .. Rosella Hightower

> . . . when Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them and pleased Herod.
>
> Whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask.
>
> And she, being before instructed of her mother, said—"Give me here John Baptist's head in a charger."
>
> And the king was sorry ; nevertheless for the oath's sake, and them which sat with him at meat, he commanded it to be given to her.
>
> And he sent, and beheaded John in prison.
>
> And his head was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel ; and she brought it to her mother.
>
> (*St. Matthew* 14, *verses* 6 *to* 11).

Oscar Wilde's version of the bible story was first given in French in 1892 with Sarah Bernhardt in the title role. It was not until 1905 that the New Stage Club gave *Salomé* in English, the same year that Richard Strauss' operatic version was produced in Dresden. Since then the famous "Dance of the seven veils" has excited the imagination of many choreographers. Maud Allen danced with the head on a charger and shocked Edwardian audiences, today the dance has little "shock" value. Among many others, Lifar created his version and Celia Franca made a choreodrama for television. The latest version by Rosella Hightower had two performances in Paris before she left for America. Celia Hubbard's décor is based on the following lines from Oscar Wilde : ". . . In that day the sun shall become black like sackcloth of hair, and the moon shall become like blood. . . . "

(Top left) Rosella Hightower as Salome in the Dance of the Seven Veils. (Above) The photograph shows her brooding over the setback she has received when John Baptist refused her amorous advances. Hightower has created for herself a very different role to what we usually expect from her. Below is Celia Hubbard's interesting decor. (All photos : Duncan Melvin)

Curtain Up!

Going to the ballet for the first time for four years, QUEEN MARY together with the PRINCESS ROYAL, PRINCESS ALICE and the EARL of ATHLONE, visited the Stoll Theatre on October 31st. The occasion was a special performance of Festival Ballet in honour of Dame Adeline Genée and the Royal Academy of Dancing. During the performance Dame Adeline sat with Queen Mary in the Royal Box (decorated with pink and yellow carnations) and explained the ballets and all details about the dancing.

During the first interval members of the company were received in the Royal Box. Qneen Mary remarked to Markova that getting up on her points must be a very tiring art. She had not seen Markova dance since 1933, when she danced at Covent Garden at a special performance for the Economic Conference. Anton Dolin was asked many questions about his elaborate make-up for *Petrouchka* which ended the evening that had started with *Capriccioso* and *Les Sylphides*.

The following day Her Majesty rang up the Manager of the Stoll Theatre personally, to say how much she had enjoyed the evening and that she hoped to be able to come again. She also made enquiries after the girl who had been unable to dance as she had 'flu.

Famous Spanish dancers, ROSARIO and ANTONIO were very startled the other day when after a performance in their native country, a shower of laurel leaves clattered down on them after their performance. Afterwards they learnt that this was the highest compliment that the stage hands can pay to any artist. It only happens when a performance has been really great. Such a graceful tribute could only be paid by the Latin races. In England and America the stage staff drop sand-bags on the stars they do not like.

Queen Mary with Dame Adeline Genée at the Stoll on October 31 (*Photo : Nixon*)

. . . De Valois and the Webster one
Were walking hand in hand :
They wept like anything to see
The critics in a band.
If these were only cleared away,
They said, it would be grand.

On a recent holiday in Majorca, photographer ROGER WOOD was delighted to find that a great dance film was being given called *Las Zapatillas Rojas*. Imagine his horror, on entering the cinema, on finding that it was your favourite film about a red-headed dancer who puts on some shoes of the same colour that have such strange properties that they cause her to meet a messy fate below the Monte Carlo casino.

Among the minor mishaps of the Paris season of the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas in October, not the least was the one centred around the first night of *Petrouchka*.

As the curtain rose a frantic search began backstage for the dummy that was to replace the form of Petrouchka in the final scene. Apparently all efforts to locate it were futile, for when the Charlatan dispersed the crowd, allegedly concealing the dummy, there was none. Not only was the ingenuity of the Charlatan taxed by this unforeseen event but also the displeasure of the Marquis de Cuevas which could be heard echoing in the rafters of the Théatre des Champs Elysées after the evening's performance.

Evidence that backstage dramas sometimes make better theatre fare than that which is being presented to the public, was given by the de Cuevas company on opening night at Century Theatre, New York, on Oct. 30.

Shortly before the curtain was to rise on *Divertissement* (a new work resembling the variations from *Aurora's Wedding*) the costumes for the Three Ivans could not be found. A messenger was sent to the Russian Tea Room, only two blocks away, to borrow three smocks worn by the waiters. At the moment that the dancers began their variation, Claude Giraud the company's French impresario, having just arrived on the plane from Paris, appeared at the theatre his arms laden with the missing costumes.

FAMOUS DANCERS' RECIPES : 2

Anton Dolin's recipe for scrambled eggs.

Anton Dolin, whose tours of the world have brought him in contact with a variety of cuisine, from the exotic cookery of Central America to baked beans in Boston, Massachusetts, frequently enjoys a bit of home cooking. To this end he has availed himself of a number of formulae of dishes designed to satisfy while not dissipating that bit of energy left to the dancer after an exhausting evening of performance.

Apart from the normal diet of meat, eggs, greens and fresh fruit, he strongly recommends (for dancers) quantities of milk.

SCRAMBLED EGGS
(for two)

Separate the yoke from the white and beat separately with a whisk. Add melted butter to the yoke and milk or cream to the white. Mix together adding salt and pepper according to taste. Then put the eggs into a saucepan and keep stirring with a fork until sufficiently cooked.

At a party given by Kathleen Crofton, at the Arts Theatre, to inaugurate her new school and to welcome Festival Ballet.

From left to right (*on the floor*) *Louis Godfrey, Caryl Brahms, Julian Braunsweg, Keith Beckett.* (*Sitting*) *Anna Cheselka, Anita Landa, Hubert Foster Clark, Grace Cone, Kathleen Crofton, Natalie Krassovska, Alicia Markova, John Gilpin.* (*Standing*) *Anton Dolin, Nicholas Beriosov, Stanley Judson, Peter Williams, A. V. Coton, P. W. Manchester* (*Photo : Records*)

Music . . . . . by EVAN SENIOR

FAIRY-TALES TO MUSIC

This month, December, brings us to the season of Christmas, and with it, the season of Pantomimes, of fairy tales, and of that delightful world of the imagination in which ballet and music have so much to say for themselves in our season of entertainment and goodwill.

AND what more lovely way is there of telling a fairy-tale than by means of ballet? So many ballets are fairy-tales, or stories which belong on the plane of the fairy-tale, that the medium seems to have taken to itself the task of keeping alive and presenting these legends and the atmosphere that they convey.

The Sleeping Beauty, *Cinderella*, *Petrouchka*, *Swan Lake*, *Casse-Noisette*, *Firebird*, even *Giselle* and perhaps even *Les Sylphides*—all are fairy-tales, fairy-tales which ballet companies all over the country will be giving at, or near to, Christmas. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why we love them as we do.

Perhaps, too, the most successful musical scores of ballet belong to the realms of fairy-tale. It is the music which, to a very great extent, creates the atmosphere of ballet, often even before the curtain has risen to tell us the story in dancing.

We have only to think of the Tchaikowsky fairy-tale ballets—*Casse-Noisette*, which will be seen in London this Christmas season, and such favourites of past Christmases as *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Swan Lake*, to realise how much at home Tchaikowsky was in this sphere. He wrote his fairy-tale ballet music as if he believed in it, as if the wonder and the glory of the mind of a child had never deserted him—as indeed they never did.

This year we are to be without the Sadler's Wells *Cinderella*, which I always think of as more of a Christmas Pantomime than a ballet—if anyone has decided exactly what is ballet and what is not. Here, of course, is the ballet that most nearly approaches pantomime, and a little more in the modern sense than as the fairy-tale on which it is based. For Prokofiev's slightly acid music, so apt and so delightful in its own way, has often a hint of scepticism in it, a modern scepticism which delights in the trappings of festivity and the emotional reaction to it, while at the same time being more than a little condescending.

Ballet and pantomime have much in common, of course. Both have their roots in the old Italian *commedia dell' arte*, a fact almost forgotten now that the Harlequinades and Transformation Scenes of earlier days have departed, leaving only the knockabout comedy as pantomime's main ingredient. But even in the most down-to-earth pantomime there is still an echo of the ballet, and the Fairy on the Christmas Tree still wears a ballet *tutu* and proudly stands on full *pointe*, if she is lucky, until Twelfth Night.

But in ballet the tradition remains, and many companies in different parts of Britain will still be able to find stages this Christmas for the presentation of the real magic, in music and dancing, of the fairy-tale.

Tchaikowsky, above all, captured this magic; but Stravinsky was not far behind, in both *Petrouchka* and *Firebird*, although that fact would probably be appreciated better in Russia than here. Music, nevertheless, is international, and the imaginative loveliness it can re-create knows no real boundaries or Iron Curtains.

BALLET AT HOME: ON THE PIANO—

Music is, in some ways, like football: it is much healthier to take part in it than merely to join the crowds who applaud the performances of other people. Many thousands manage to obtain a great deal of pleasure from listening to ballet music; it might be a little better if more of them tried to play it.

It can't always be done, because a great deal of the music for ballet is not usually available in printed form—usually, it means hunting around among piles of music to obtain the necessary "excerpts".

This month I have been shown some publications which, to some extent, help in filling this need. They are sets of music, one under the title *World Famous Ballet Music* and the other called *Famous Opera Ballets*.

In the first series, of which two books have been issued by W. Paxton & Co. Ltd. at 4s. 6d. each, the music has been arranged simply and easily by Sir Granville Bantock, C. A. Mansfield and Walter Collins, and there is quite a deal included. But the whole selection, in spite of some useful inclusions, seems somewhat unusual in choice. In addition to some of the music for *Les Sylphides*, *Coppelia*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Lac des Cygnes*, and other ballets, there are some intrusions which—although they are quite literally ballet music—could well have made room for other music better known in its associations with contemporary ballet. Such delightful things as the Gluck *Gavotte*, music from Schubert's score for *Rosamunde*, the charming little *Mignon* gavotte, ballet music from Beethoven's *Prometheus* score, and so on, could well have been left out and more familiar ballet music put in their places. Some of the less familiar music from *La Source* and *Sylvia* are welcome inclusions.

The other series from the same publishers brings us a simplified piano version of the ballet music from *Faust*, arranged well by Sir Granville Bantock; I suppose we must take this into the realm of present-day ballet music, as Sadler's Wells includes the ballet in its production of the opera. Sir Granville has also provided a similar piano version of the ballet music from Rossini's *William Tell*. In this latter case the publishers would probably have had a better sale if they had described it on the cover as the music for *Plaisance*, surely better-known to the ballet-going public of this country, as the music includes almost everything used in that Ballet Rambert production. These two books are priced at 2s. 6d. each.

In all cases the piano arrangements are simplicity itself, making for easy playing with every assistance given. As well as those interested in the music of ballet, pianists playing for classes will probably find a great deal of useful material in these publications.

Right. Nadine Bellaigue as Columbine in Rabbit's Moon *a new French film based on the Commedia dell'Arte. This cinepantomime was directed by Kenneth Anger who has just had permission from Jean Cocteau to make a film of* Le Jeune Homme et La Mort *with Jean Babilée and Nathilie Phillipart.*
(Photo : Duncan Melvin)

Dancers you should know . . . . .

VERY few people have heard of Zarauz. Four hundred years ago it was famous for its shipyards—today it is a fashionable spa and the home of Zuloaga the painter. It is a little Basque town in the province of Guipuzcoa, quiet and peaceful.

It is famous today, although very few of us realize it, for producing Pirmin Trecu, who was born there twenty years ago. His people who have for generations been cabinet makers are gradually becoming reconciled to having a dancer in the family. It can all be blamed on the Spanish Civil War; for in 1937, when Spain was a simmering cauldron of revolt, he was shipped to England for safe keeping. A victim of British charm and hospitality, he never returned.

Originally intending to be a painter he took some courses at the Croydon Art School in 1945; but an accidental visit to the Sadler's Wells Ballet about a year later gave him other ideas. Margot Fonteyn as Giselle stimulated his imagination . . . and he decided to be a dancer. But how to become a dancer—that was the problem. He absorbed as much literature as he could find on the subject, went to the ballet as often as he could afford to and made enquiries of anyone who might give him a clue.

Urged by a fellow painter, he wrote for and was granted an audition by Ninette de Valois, for admission to the Sadler's Wells School. For the audition he wore fawn coloured shorts, a blue woollen jumper and a red sash neatly tied around his waist. The audition was conducted by Ailne Philips, the school's ballet mistress, and although Ninette de Valois was not present he was made unduly nervous by the presence of Doris Thelluson, then Secretary of the school.

It consisted of imitating *arabesques*, jumps in first position and *développés* in second position. He felt awkward and a little bewildered; but the committee, impressed by his elevation, allowed him to begin a course of study at the school.

That was four years ago. Admittedly four years is little enough time in which to build a strong classical technique; but time enough to give substance to the committee's decision. Today, Trecu is one of the more promising soloists of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. He is right as the Young Brother in *Selina*, Harlequin in *Carnaval* and in *Les Sylphides*, for his lyrical quality is suited to these romantic roles. What remained of his Spanish background was exploited by choreographer Angelo Andes who created for him principal roles in *Jota Toledano*, *El Destino* and a solo, *Farucca del Sacro Monte*.

Outside the theatre his appearance has developed into something of a trademark. Invariably he is seen wearing a dark blue corduroy jacket over grey flannels and a white shirt with a loosely fitted broad collar. A bright vermillion tie and brown suede shoes complete the picture, giving him the appearance of a French University student rather than a ballet dancer.

Zarauz and the Basque country are now as far removed from Trecu as the earth is from the moon. It is no longer even a dim recollection; for he longs to visit Spain just like any sentimental tourist to see the art treasures of the Prado in Madrid and the colourful people of Granada and Seville—and incidentally to see his home town, Zarauz, where he is still known as Fermin Aldabaldetrecu.

PIRMIN TRECU

(Photo : Ian Gibson Smith)

We apologise to Roger Wood for omitting to credit him with the photograph of Maryon Lane that was reproduced in this column last month.

Ray Powell in the Deep South

Ray Powell, character dancer with Sadler's Wells, continues his description of the U.S.A. tour.

We were three nights in Philadelphia and then after the show we had our first night journey to Atlanta, Georgia.

After the show we went to our train the Ballet Special, on which were—forty of the orchestra, the dancers, American crew and our own staff. The train consists of about eight cars, Pullman, and our own restaurant car. We leave the station after the show when Louis Yudkin has all props and decor aboard!

Now for Atlanta. Suddenly we were in the Deep South and of course the colour bar. This is a bit of a shock, but then this is their problem. The people were so wonderful to us and we began to realise that the South is a different part of a different country to the North. They are another people, and have yet to forgive or forget the Civil War! This came as a surprise.

Hospitality was what the legend would have it, quite unsurpassable. The accent is wonderful and just as we have heard it spoken on the screen. We could hardly believe all this true.

About twenty of us went out for breakfast to a plantation. (Nadia Nerina had an introduction to the girl and her family and we were all invited). The day started with hot sunshine. Fleets of huge cars rolled up and group by group we piled into them. The drive was about an hour out of the city to a house standing about half a mile back from the road surrounded by trees. The house was not old, being built in 1925, but was perhaps one of the most gracious homes we shall go to in our stay. The hostess Mrs. Hasting was a real Southern belle, with grey hair faintly blued, well dressed, plump, and full of charm. The house as I said was a real dream and we loved it all. Apparently Mrs. Hasting is a great authority on floral decoration and she proved it to us by the table centrepiece. It was a mass of pale pink roses, and from underneath came grapes and pomegranates. Breakfast was served and all the local gentry were there to show us about the place. We went to the cotton fields and picked cotton, running about like school children in our delight. The plantation was over 15,000 acres and we had a wonderful time. After eating our fill and wandering about in the gardens it came time to leave for the city and the eternal rehearsals. We were sorry to leave those people with their kindness and generous hospitality.

The show was performed as usual in the City Auditorium which is just what it sounds. A huge auditorium, small stage, very few lights and no dressing rooms. These places are not built as theatres to hold large companies, they are merely a vast arena.

Leaving Atlanta we moved on to Birmingham where we only played one night, and had no hotel but slept in the train. Auditorium the same and holding 10,000 people. We were full, with standing room, a record I am told.

Now for New Orleans. Of all awful things to happen we were hours late getting in, and we had such little time. All we had was the remainder of the day plus a performance, the next day, another performance and we left directly afterwards on our train. Well we arrived and it looked like any other American city, with main street called Canal Street; then of course the famous street where the carnival goes down, such a broad way. Unpacked at the hotel and then out to see the town after lunch.

The French quarter was what we were after. Two blocks off Canal Street and we might have been in Southern France. The change was startling and so unAmerican. At night after the show we made up a small group and took the girls to some of the clubs. We sat in a garden at The Court of the Two Sisters and had drinks and food. This was heavenly, all in the warm open air, candlelight everywhere, banana trees above us full of fruit which we picked and ate. We danced, and had a good time generally. It was a lovely city and we were so mad that we had so little time; but we had to move on again and this time to Texas.

We arrived in Houston, Texas. Our hotel was The Shamrock, the newest and supposedly the finest in the States. Of course it is huge, with a most wonderful swimming pool, and houses thousands. We were delighted and our two days were spent swimming and sunbathing surrounded by glamour and palm trees and all the food one wanted, and of course a cloudless October sky. We were awfully lucky.

We had three shows in two days so we were kept at work. Also Helpmann has been off with a bad ankle, and Henry Legerton had to replace him as the Rake. Henry danced and acted the Rake very well indeed and for a first performance did more than well. The press liked him. Helpmann hurt his foot in *Dante* when he tore some skin off his ankle, and now it will not heal. Leslie Edwards is off with a poisoned thumb; Pamela May has been off with a bad knee, but is now back.

DANCERS OF FESTIVAL BALLET

ANITA LANDA (*Photo : Johnson Taylor, Norwich*)

LOUIS GODFREY (*Photo: Denis de Marney*)

MALCOLM GODDARD (*Photo: Denis de Marney*)

NOEL ROSSANA (*Photo: Johnson Taylor, Norwich*)

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Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

It now seems quite definite that SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET will tour the U.S.A. in 1951 for six months. This fact throws ones whole approach to the company into a different light. They are to be our new Ambassadors of the Dance and it is up to everybody to see that they do both justice to this country and themselves.

On October 31 Howard's *Assembly Ball* returned to the repertoire and will be fully reviewed with photographs, next month.

★

The BALLET RAMBERT, which for some unaccountable reason now calls itself the Rambert Ballet, has during its long existence produced more choreographers than any other English company. To this list is now added the name of David Paltenghi, who, during the company's recent season at the King's, Hammersmith, produced two new ballets, *The Eve of Saint Agnes* and *Prismatic Variations*.

The Eve of Saint Agnes, with an ingenious, movable set and dowdy costumes by Roger Furse and a workmanlike score arranged by Geoffrey Corbett from Cesar Franck, is based on Keats' poem. Unfortunately the mystic splendour of the poem has been butchered. Mr. Paltenghi has changed the emphasis of the story ; the Baron's court which was originally the murmuring background against which the tale of the passionate love of Madeline and Porphyro was unfolded, in the ballet assumes equal importance with the lovers, and serves as an excuse for the irrevelant introduction of psuedo-court dances. The Beadsman, who is used in Keats to set the mood of medieval mystery, in the ballet rolls over and over on the ground like a ludicrous comedian, a movement presumably inspired by an effort on Paltenghi's part to find a choreographic parallel for the poem's, " Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve ". The structure of the story has been tampered with, the original rich beauty of the poem has been lost, but all this need count little, if the choreographer had, inspired by his own poem, created his own beauty ; if his vision had been capable of imposing its own structure upon Keats' original tale. This, it seems, Paltenghi could not do.

The basic conception of the ballet is wrong. Surely someone could have told Paltenghi that it is artistically suicidal to attempt to graft a classical dance vocabulary on to a medieval theme. I can think of no choreographer, not even Tudor, who would have been capable of pulling this off. Verray parfit gentil knights who do *tours en l'air*, and bewimpled ladies who dance on points can have no existance outside revue numbers. The choreography, hampered as it is by this misconception, nevertheless has a few moments of power and many glints of talent, but all these were obscured by a number of banalities, the wrestling match between two knights for example, which should have been cut out before the ballet reached production.

Paltenghi's second ballet, *Prismatic Variations*, was equally ill-advised. It is a classical plotless ballet set to Beethoven's Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli, op. 120. More unsuitable music would be difficult to find than this superb example of third period Beethoven, but, in order presumably to make assurance doubly sure, the score is rendered unsuitable for anything by being subjected to a trite and inadequate orchestration by Geoffrey Corbett. This effectively removes what might have otherwise have been a temptation for the audience to close their eyes and listen to the music, but it also concentrates the attention on to the stage.

Paltenghi had a good idea for a ballet based on the colours of the spectrum and their relationship to light and to one another. The ballet starts promisingly with an ensemble by light and the three primary colours (each colour represented by a pair of dancers(, this leads on to a series of *pas de deux* (omitted on the occasions I saw the ballet), and then the secondary colours are " born ", after a variation for the two boys representing the revelant primary colours, for example Blue and Yellow danced together and are joined by a girl representing Green. The ballet then continues along the path ordained by elementary Optics.

I think most people would agree that the plotless classical ballet is the most difficult kind of ballet to do well. Ashton and Balanchine attempted this form only after years of experience in ballet-making. Success depends chiefly upon the musicality of the choreographer and his skill in giving order and cohesion to a series of movements, which in themselves are little more than classroom exercises. These ballets at their best are possibly the summit of choreographic achievement, but there is no room for mediocrity on these Olympian heights. Paltenghi necessarily lacks the experience that would have enabled him to give the movements that cohesion which would have welded the whole into a ballet. It is not enough to adapt stylistic features of Balanchine and Ashton, slinging almost the entire contents of Vaganova's celebrated textbook, and hope for the best. *Prismatic Variations* is too long, thirty-five minutes in the cut version by the stop-watch, but its insufficient regard for rest, makes it seem much longer to the spectator. Furthermore, Paltenghi's choreography is frequently unmusical, at times slavishly adhering to, at other times disregarding, the travesty of Beethoven's score, from which he was working. Vivienne Kernot's décor consists of a number of painted prisms at the back of the stage and her costumes are ugly and unflattering.

The part of Light was created by Margaret Hill, who had danced with cool grace as Madeline in *The Eve of Saint Agnes*, but on the two occasions I saw the ballet it was taken by Beryl Goldwyn. Miss Goldwyn is a greatly improved dancer who is gaining mastery of the over-exhuberance and untidiness which once marred her work. The three boys in *Prismatic Variations*, Cecil Bates, Ronald Hynd and Derek Westlake were all dancing very well. At a time when the Rambert company is not at its best, these three boys are like an oasis of talent in something which at times looks unhappily like an arid waste.

These two ballets are, in my opinion bad, but when considering the work of a new choreographer there is a strong temptation " to damn with faint praise and assent with civil leer ". I have resisted this temptation to deal leniently with Paltenghi because I think under it all is something which may possibly be original talent. I like his approach to ballet, his obvious pre-occupation with the dance itself rather than mime or " walking-around ", his professional attitude to such things as lighting, the skill, unusual in one so inexperienced, in handling a *corps de ballet*.

Tom Linden and Beryl Kaye in the After The Show *revue at the Watergate Theatre. Linden was in Coward's* Sigh No More *and A. P. Herbert's* Tough At The Top. *Recently he has been on Television. Kaye was the Sparrow in the revue* Night and the Music *and also in* Finian's Rainbow.

Photo: Duncan Melvin)

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PROSPECTUS ON REQUEST

I think that as much as anything he lacks guidance. I feel most strongly that the question to be asked, a question of vital importance to all interested in the development of English ballet, is, what has happened to the artistic direction of the Ballet Rambert? The artistic direction that fostered and guided Ashton, Tudor, Howard, Staff and Gore. Has the only great artistic director English ballet has ever produced, lost her touch?

Clive Barnes.

FESTIVAL BALLET

ON October the 31st at the Stoll Theatre in the presence of Queen Mary and the Princess Royal and in honour of The Royal Academy of Dancing and of its distinguished and beloved President, Dame Adeline Genée, Mlle. Taglioni appeared in *Les Sylphides*. She looked the living image of Miss Alicia Markova; and it is my belief that in this ballet (and in this costume) Markova is giving to the balletgoer of her times a like experience to that which Taglioni gave to those of her day; though not, perhaps, to her heyday.

Ballerina Assoluta in her own right, in this, the Moonlight Sonata of the Ballet, Markova chooses to forget her rank while never forgetting her lineage. She does not "take her stage" and hold it with some trick of light and showmanship which we have seen her use in other, more flamboyant, works. But rather, I would say, she breathes and she is there; breathes again—and is gone. In this ballet she is not the least concerned with her audience; only with her private devotions to the Spirit of the Dance. There is little in the work that is not completely within her compass; litt'e that we miss from some more mechanically correct procedure; and she brings to *pas-de-deux* and prelude her own removed yet infinitely moving poetry. To do this is to dance, not well, but sublimely.

Gilpin brings back youth and joy to the difficult male mazurka (comparatively simple to dance but incomparably difficult to dance effectively). Both are qualities in which it is all too often lacking, but on which Fokine built, and for which he budgeted.

Together Ballerina and Ballerin nearly made me forget the backcloth. But it came back at me during the other *soli* in a pale blue and chocolate-box rush.

It was especially delightful to see this lovely work rescued from the slur of overture-and-beginnerdom and restored to its rightful place as graceful centre-piece to the programme; for not only is it a peerless piece of choreography and the one sure classic of our century, but Festival Ballet gives one of the most spiritually satisfying renderings of it that I have seen, even though technically it may totter here and there.

In this same gala evening Dolin danced Petrouchka, and it is at once apparent that he has something different to say in this role.

His is an almost explosive Petrouchka, seen in the very prime of puppetdom; his veins running with good red sawdust. His quicksilver agonies might be Harlequin's own. His pale visage that of Pierrot with paralysis. Petrouchka-Dolin remains gloriously independent of a multifary of strings. He is the Master of his Sawdust—he is the Captain of his Straw, as gentleman at polite pianos used to put in their pleasing baritones.

Perhaps the humanity of his performance may appeal more to his public—I myself am all for a puppet of jerk and twitch; for the pathos and the poetry of the more usual reading of the role. But in it, however, Dolin gives an added proof of what a first-rate actor-dancer he is.

Krassovska, Guest-doll, as it were, leaves her role unexplored being content to decorate it's china surface; and of Burke's Blackamoor I can only feel that, with Inspector Quill, the man has never seen Petrouchka!

The production as a whole is clear in its patterns and the Russian fairground, while lacking here and there in detail is full of fascinating movement. In particular the nurse-maids are gay and good and spirited; and in the small role of The Young Groom Louis Godfrey gave a performance of stylish strength. On an earlier occasion I saw, and was little impressed with, the company's *Beau Danube*.

Due to the fallibility of the memory of man this once bright ballet has become the laughing skeleton in Monsieur Massine's cupboard. It has the garishness of a side-show and a side-show's immoderate mirth over the barest modicum of fun. The girls and boys of Festival Ballet do what they can for it, but this is never enough, save in the case of Cheselka, who has the right bright quality of the soloist for all her baby-ribbon-blue gown; and Krassovska, who took her Street Dancer from the wittiest of all dancers—Danilova. As to Hussar Young Gilpin reminds me of Young Woodley; the years, however, will look after this for him! And though I do not find the Danube in its dog-days, very Beau, the audience seemed to be liking it a lot better.

Caryl Brahms.

Dance and Dancers . . . . ABROAD

U.S.A.

An American Looks at Sadler's Wells in New York—

An unprecedented advance sale guaranteed impressario Hurok a gala affair when the Sadler's Wells Ballet opened at New York's Metropolitan Opera House on September 10, 1950. If the event were less electrifying than last year when Sadler's Wells first visited America, it is because we knew what to expect and the novelty of a first visit was missing. One fact is certain, they are still the finest and most brilliant company yet to appear in America. Likewise, Margot Fonteyn is the most sensational ballerina I have seen.

The curtain-raiser was *Lac des Cygnes*. The choreography of this piece requires virtuoso execution and Sadler's Wells certainly has gifted artists to give it the high perfection and unity of style it requires. Under a less perfect company the full length *Lac* could be a tedious affair. In the dual roles of Odette and Odile, Margot Fonteyn is technically most brilliant and very enchanting. She raises the work to Olympian heights and we are carried away by the magic of the fantasy.. Sharing the programme during the first week was another favourite with New Yorkers, the *Sleeping Beauty*. This, too, was done to perfection, bringing forth all the illusion of the classic fairy tale. It is magnificent extravaganza. Again Fonteyn was completely captivating in her role of the Princess Aurora. Her Rose Adagio and the Act 3 *Pas de deux* and Variation were incredibly precise and completely effortless. At the same time there was a depth of understanding for the character of the Princess. It was warm and poetic. As the

Gower and Marge Champion in County Fair, one of their new routines which have caused such a sensation during their recent American coast-to coast tour. They have recently made their screen debut in Paramount's latest Bing Crosby picture, Mr. Music.

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Lilac Fairy, Beryl Grey was excellent. Frederick Ashton as Carabosse, proved again his great ability to project realism into this sinister figure. At other performances Moira Shearer was very effective as the Princess Aurora.

Still another nineteenth century masterpiece was presented for the first time here by this Company, the *Giselle*. While Miss Fonteyn gave us an exquisite Giselle, I still find this ballet a tiresome affair, even in the hands of a superior company.

Now to the novelty of the season, the first performance in America of " Dante Sonata ", with choreography by Frederick Ashton, music by Franz von Liszt (as orchestrated by Constant Lambert), and costumes and decor by Sophie Fedorovitch, after Flaxman. Chief dancers were Moira Shearer, Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes, and John Hart.

Dante Sonata was a major disappointment. To begin with, Stravinsky's *Scenes de Ballet* had been listed earlier and was eagerly awaited. A ballet such as *Dante Sonata* is rather naive fare for New Yorkers. Ashton's choreography, while bringing forth the drama between the opposing forces, the Children of Light, and the Children of Darkness, grew repetitious and monotonous as the piece progressed. Only Shearer stood out in this mass of writhing figures.

The dramatic conception loses its appeal because of the Liszt score. The music is full of melodramatic *clichès* and the orchestral dress does not help. On the good side was the decor. It was highly effective with its spare lighting and shadows.

More interesting was the first performance here of *Don Quixote* with choreography by Ninette de Valois, music by Roberto Gerhard, and costumes and scenery by Edward Burra. Miss de Valois has captured a definite mood in this work, despite a number of limitations in her dance designs. She presents the Don from more subtle angles from within his mind, rather than as a series of action pictures. The treatment is not too successful for the subject is complex and the medium of the ballet is not the ideal one for Cervantes' hero. However, there are telling moments. As Dulcinea, Margot Fonteyn has another portrayal to rank with her already notable achievements.

The most exciting performance of the visit was certainly the closing night on October 1st. It is one that will long be remembered. The ballet was the *Sleeping Beauty*. Fonteyn, Helpman, Grey and Ashton joined forces to present a memorable event. Also, other members of the Company were superb and gave outstanding performances. As the Blue Birds, Violetta Elvin and Alexis Rassine were the essence of ease and grace. Their technique was flawless. Noteworthy throughout the entire stay has been the wonderful conducting of **Robert Irving.** Under his direction the Tchaikowsky score was a joy to hear.

As the curtain closed on this final performance the audience gave an overwhelming and heartwarming demonstration with cheers and bravos repeatedly. Director of the Company, Ninette De Valois, made a very touching farewell speech. It is to be hoped the parting will not be for long.

Lenard Basham.

FRANCE

LES BALLETS DES CHAMPS-ELYSÉES have recently completed a provincial tour with Sonia Arova as principal ballerina and Skouratoff as the principal make dancer. Most of the old ballets are in the repertoire except those of Jean Babilée as he took them with him when he left to join the De Cuevas Grand Ballet. A number of dancers who left at the same time are now back again. The company may tour Scandinavia in the near future.

SOUTH AMERICA

The *Grand Ballet de l'Opéra de Paris* opened their season in Rio on August 25th. Days before all seats for their six night performances and three matinees had been sold out, long queues having stretched through the Avenida Rio Branco from the very first day of the opening of advanced booking.

The first performance took the shape of a major social and artistic event. The great success of the night was *Les Mirages*, danced by Vyroubova, Bardin, Renault, the scenery and costumes by Cassandre being especially admired. The other ballets were *Suite en Blanc*, in which the high level of virtuosity of the troupe made a strong impression, and *L'Inconnue*. There was also a"pas de deux classique" danced by Toumanova and Kalioujny, and Lifar in his *L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune*.

The second night was less successful, the audience only being thawed at last by Vyroubova's outstanding performance in *Divertissement* (Lifar's *Sleeping Beauty*), assisted by Bardin, Renault, Bozzoni. In some sections of the public and press, there seemed, strangely enough, to be disappointment at not finding Lifar as young as he was 17 years ago, at the time of his former visit to Brazil. The rest of the programme consisted of *Giselle*, danced by Lifar and Darsonval—Darsonval giving her usual good performance—and *Pavane pour une Infante Défunte* in which Kalioujny shone. The orchestra was rather poor at times.

Icare, Lifar's ballet on orchestrated rythms, was the high point of the third gala performance, and a triumph for Lifar, as choreographer as well as dancer. *Le Festin de l'Araignée*, danced by Lafon, Bourgeois, Daydé, was also very much liked—décor and costumes by Leyritz and music by A. Roussel deserving special notice. Toumanova and Kalioujny repeated their *pas de deux* of the first night. *La Grande Jatte*, the last part of the programme, suffered from the bad performance of the orchestra.

But the fourth night brought the greatest success of the season, with Lifar's remarkable ballet, *Phédre*, danced by Toumanova, Lifar, Darsonval, Ritz. Music, choreography, décor were thought perfect, but the deepest impression was made by Toumanova's dramatic interpretation and, in certain quarters, by the complete departure from the "moderate policy" of l'Inconnue and others "which are neither keeping to tradition, nor frankly *avant-garde*". Undoubtedly the name of Racine, whose works are much read by intellectual Brazilians, prepared the audience favourably. They were extremely sensible to the masterly increase of dramatic feeling as the ballet unfolds, and especially to that impressive entrance of Phédre's at the end, when little by little she lets fall her long, red cloak. Other ballets of the evening were *Guignol et Pandore* and that display of virtuosity, *Palais de Cristal*, in which Vyroubova, Darsonval, Bardin, Renault, Ritz were enthusiastically applauded.

The fifth night generally, and *Dramma per Musica* especially, suffered from the poor performance of orchestra and choir. However, in *Dramma per Musica* there was the remarkable dancing of Vyroubova accompanied by Lifar and Bozzoni, and the beautiful scenery and majestic choreography. Toumanova and Kalioujny danced Lifar's *La Mort du Cygne*.

Soviet dancer, Kondratov, as Franz in Coppélia.

Finally, the last performance, on September 6th, was again a great night for Toumanova as she danced *Coppélia*. The other ballets were *Entre deux rondes* and Lifar's *Romeo et Juliette*. The orchestra this time was not conspicuous for its bad playing.

On the whole the Ballet de l'Opera had a very successful season in Rio. The high virtuosity of the dancers was greatly appreciated. But there seems to have been a lack of preparation of the local elements—orchestra and choir.

Sergio Cardoso-Ayres.

Where are they now?

NAME	PREVIOUSLY WITH	HAS JOINED
Sonia Arova	Metropolitan Ballet	Ballets Champs-Elysées
Noelle de Mosa	*Brigadoon*	Jooss Ballet (Germany)
Josephine Gordon	St. James' Ballet	Empire
Tania Grantzeva	Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo	Festival Ballet
Hermione Hudson	Ambassador Ballet	*Carousel*
Vladimar Kalichewsky	Dancing in Paris	International Ballet
Rolf Alexander	*Annie Get Your Gun*	Jooss Ballet (Germany)
Leo Kersley	Sadler s Wells Theatre Ballet	Empire

Ballet Dates

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

December

12 *Assembly Ball, The Witch* (Premiere), *Capriol Suite, Trumpet Concerto.*
16 (M) *Selina, The Witch, Capriol Suite, Facade.*
19 *Les Sylphides, The Witch, Jota Toledana, Tritch Tratch, Rendezvous.*
23 (M) *Swan Lake* (Act II), *The Haunted Ballroom, Beauty and the Beast, Carnaval.*
26 (Boxing Day) *Swan Lake* (Act II), *Beauty and the Beast, Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, Casse Noisette* (Act II).
27 (M) *Selina, Beauty and the Beast, Trumpet Concerto, Casse Noisette* (Act II).
30 (M) *Assembly Ball, The Witch, Pas de deux from Giselle, Jota Toledana, Facade.*

January

2 *La Fete Etrange, Sea Change, Capriol Suite, Facade.*
6 (M) *Les Sylphides, Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, Trumpet Concerto, Carnaval.*

INTERNATIONAL BALLET

Nov. 27—Dec. 2 Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton.
Dec. 26—Jan. 6 Gaumont Theatre, Southampton.
Jan. 8—20 Empire Theatre, Cardiff.

BALLET RAMBERT ON TOUR

December

4 Prince of Wales, Cardiff.
11 Richmond Theatre, Richmond.

FESTIVAL BALLET at the Stoll Theatre

December

1 *Les Sylphides* (Grantzeva, Gilpin).
Fiesta (Landa, Godfrey).
Capriccioso (Rossana, Gilpin).
Petrouchka (Markova, Massine, Burke).

2 (M) *Les Sylphides* (Grantzeva, Gilpin).
The Nutcracker (Markova, Dolin).
(E) *Beau Danube* (Grantzeva, Cheselka, Gilpin).
Giselle (Chauvire, Dolin).

4 *Petrouchka* (Landa, Massine, Trunoff).
Giselle (Markova, Dolin).

5 *Swan Lake* (Cheselka, White).
Petrouchka (Landa, Massine, Trunoff).
Beau Danube (Grantzeva, Cheselka, Gilpin).

6 (M) *Les Sylphides* (Chesleka, Gilpin).
Capriccioso (Rossana, Godfrey)
Bolero (Dolin).
Beau Danube (Grantzeva, Cheselka, Gilpin).
(E) Programme in honour of Michel Fokine,
Les Sylphides, (Markova, Dolin).
Spectre de la Rose (Landa, Gilpin).
Dying Swan (Markova).
Petrouchka (Cheselka, Dolin, Trunoff).

7 *Capriccioso* (Rossana, Godfrey)
Swan Lake (Markova, Dolin).
Bolero (Dolin).
Beau Danube (Grantzeva, Cheselka, Gilpin)

8 *Les Sylphides* (Cheselka, Gilpin).
Spectre de la Rose (Landa, Gilpin)
Dying Swan (Markova).
Petrouchka (Cheselka, Dolin, Burke).

9 (M) *Beau Danube* (Grantzeva, Cheselka, Gilpin)
Giselle (Markova, Dolin)
(E) *Les Sylphides* (Cheselka, Gilpin).
Spectre de la Rose (Landa, Gilpin)
Dying Swan (Markova).
Petrouchka (Landa, Dolin, Trunoff)

Programmes for the week of December 11 will be announced.

16 (M) *Les Sylphides* (Cheselka, Gilpin).
Spectre de la Rose (Landa, Gilpin)
Dying Swan (Markova).
Petrouchka (Landa, Dolin, Trunoff).
(E) *Beau Danube* (Grantzeva, Cheselka, Gilpin)
Giselle (Markova, Dolin).

The Christmas season of evening performances opening on December 26 will consist of :—

The Nutcracker full version (Markova, Dolin)
Harlequinade (Landa, Gilpin).

Theresa and Luisillo and Company at the Saville Theatre (with Diana Marquez and Angel Inglesias).

Season of three weeks from November 28 to December 16. Evenings at 7.30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.

Clubs

Edinburgh Ballet Club—Sec.: Alastair C. D. Stuart 28 *Gillespie Crescent, Edinburgh*, 10.

On October 30, the Edinburgh Ballet Club opened for a week's engagement at the Gateway Theatre in Edinburgh. The programme consisted of three works: *Casse Noisette (Act II)*, *Apocalypse* and *Tour in the Trossachs*, both by the club's director Marjory Middleton. *Apocalypse* has a religious theme based on the battle between good and evil and has an original score by Leighton Lucas.

Newcastle upon Tyne Ballet Club—Sec.: Mrs. M. Bennitt, 1 *Grosvenor Villas, Newcastle upon Tyne*, 2.

The club's winter programme will consist of *Countess Kathleen*, *April Showers*, *Wraggle Taggle Gypsies*, *Divertissements* arranged by Miss Nisbett and a *Pas de Deux* by Margot Dack and partner. A guest ballet may be included.

The R.A.D. Production Club—Sec. : Dorothy Watkins, 154 *Holland Park Avenue, London, W.*11.

On Sunday, 10th of December, at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the R.A.D. Production Club will present Senorita Dona Dolores de Pedroso assisted by Francisca Fernandes, La Quica (Teacher of Rosario and Antonio), Maria Fernanda Montes and Alberto Portillo in a lecture and programme of Spanish dancing. Jose Greco and company under the patronage of the Spanish Embassy, will also appear. Seats at 5*s.* are available from Club Secretary at above address.

There will be a Film Party on Saturday, December 16th, at the R.A.D. (above address) at 5 p.m. Tea will be served at 4 p.m., included in price of admission.

Ballet for beginners

These columns are for those of you who have only recently become interested in ballet. Each month we shall give you the story of a famous ballet, a glossary of some of the expressions that are used, and other articles to help you to understand more about the art.

THE STORY OF A BALLET

SWAN LAKE

Swan Lake was first given at the Maryinsky Theatre, St. Petersburg, in 1895 with music by Tchaikovsky and choreography by Petipa and Ivanov. Considering the enormous popularity of this ballet today it is extraordinary to think that the work was a failure at its first performance in Moscow eighteen years earlier. It was Tchaikovsky's first attempt at writing ballet music and he never lived to see the production we all know. Petipa gave his assistant, Ivanov, the idea of the ballet and although the choreography is generally attributed to Ivanov, it is pretty obvious that Petipa must have helped his assistant to a great extent. As a four-act work it has enjoyed great popularity, partly on account of its score and partly because of the wonderful dual role that it gives to a ballerina.

Diaghilev condensed the four acts into two and many companies only give the second act which is really a complete ballet in itself. In Soviet Russia the complete version is carefully preserved and in Western Europe both The Sadler's Wells and International Ballet companies give it.

At a party given in honour of his coming of age, Prince Siegfried is congratulated by the local villagers. His mother arrives to tell him that he must choose a wife at the next State ball. On her departure the revellry is resumed and seeing a flight of swans, the Prince decides to go and hunt them.

On arrival at a lake, the Royal party notice a group of swans led by one who wears a crown. When they reach the shore, the swans turn into girls who have been transformed by an evil magician, Von Rotbart. They can only return to their human form at midnight. The Prince falls in love with the leader, Odette. The rest of the hunt arrive and try to shoot the birds but they are stopped by the Prince who explains the situation. The Prince invites Odette to the ball and tells her that she shall be his bride. She warns him that if he breaks his promise, Rotbart will see that she and the other girls die. With the dawn the girls turn back into swans and fly away.

At the ball, the Prince turns down all the proposed brides while waiting for his beloved Odette. Presently a fanfare announces Rotbart disguised as a black knight with his daughter Odile whom he has disguised as Odette. The Prince, not realising that a trick has been played on him, proposes to Odile. She accepts him and he has unwittingly broken his vow to Odette who vainly attempts to warn him from outside the castle window. There is a crash of thunder and everything goes dark; Rotbart and Odile vanish.

Back by the lake, the swans await the return of Odette. She comes back heartbroken at the Prince's infidelity. Presently he arrives to explain what has happened, but she hides from him. He declares that he will die with her and this sacrifice breaks the spell. Together they are re-united in another world.

GLOSSARY

Grand batterie (large beats) is the term in ballet applied to the movements in which the calves of the legs beat against each other. There are two categories of *batterie*, *petite batterie* and the *grand batterie ;* the latter requiring greater elevation. For example, *cabriole*, a movement in the air where the lower leg beats against the upper leg.

Brisé volé. A brisé is literally a broken movement. From fifth position, left leg front, the right leg brushes out to the side and beats the front of the left leg in the air, returning to its original position in *plié* (both knees bent). Thus, brisé volé is the same movement done forwards then backwards but never closing in fifth position; giving the impression of flying (volé). The best example of *brisé volé* is seen in the Bluebird *Pas de Deux* from the *Sleeping Beauty*.

Developpé is the term in ballet applied to the unfolding of the leg into any desired position; *á la seconde* (second position), *arabesque*, etc.

Grand Rond de Jambe. *Ronde de jambe* is literally a circular movement of the leg on the ground. *Grand rond de jambe* is the same movement performed in the air with the weight on the supporting leg. Usually starting from fifth position, the front leg is raised to a straight fourth position then swung into second position and on to fourth position back closing in fifth position back.

Those of you who are new to ballet would be well advised to try and see the *Ballet for Beginners* series on television. The new series usually takes place on the first Monday of every month. The series is designed to show every side of ballet-making and has been excellently produced by Phillip Bates.

DANCE AND DANCERS incorporating MUSIC AND MUSICIANS is published by the proprietors HANSOM BOOKS LTD., Editorial and Advertisement Offices, Mersey House, 132-4 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. (Tel. : CENtral 4321[35]). DANCE AND DANCERS is printed in England by PAGE BROS. (Norwich) Ltd.

BARON AT THE BALLET

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BARON is known to many as a photographer of the famous. This book covers his work as a photographer of ballet from 1935 to 1950, and as such it is probably the most comprehensive collection of ballet photographs by one photographer ever to have been published.

Its scope is wide, for it is not only concerned with ballet in Great Britain, but also with ballet in France and America; it deals not only with classical ballets like *Giselle* and *Lac des Cygnes*, but also with modern ballets such as *Carmen*, *Symphonic Variations*, *Pillar of Fire*, *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*.

Together with an extensive introduction and detailed commentary by Arnold L. Haskell, this book has sections devoted to illustrating, describing and assessing the work of many famous ballet companies. The Sadlers' Wells and Ballet Rambert; Nouveaux Ballets de Monte Carlo and Les Ballets des Champs Elysées; Ballet Theatre from America; Colonel de Basil's Original Ballet Russe.

On a more personal level there are two large sections of portraits of British and foreign dancers. Here and elsewhere in the book are to be found portraits of Markova, Argyle, Fonteyn, Shearer, Grey and Helpmann; Chauviré, Phillipart, Pagava, Yyroubova, Lifar, Babilée and Petit; Danilova, Toumanova, Tiabouchinska, Baronova, Lichine and Massine; Tallchief, Kaye, Alonso, Gollner, Eglevsky, Laing and Tudor, to mention but a few.

In all, this book contains over 280 black and white photographs in 224 pages of text and illustration. Yet neither its importance nor its value is to be judged in numerical terms. The photographs which Baron and Haskell have included were chosen from the work of fifteen years. To those who saw the ballets of those exciting days, they will revive the pleasures of the past; to those who do not share their good fortune, they serve, with Haskell's commentary, as an incomparable record of ballets and dancers and as an essential introduction to the present and the future. The photographs in themselves are, as both Sitwell and Haskell testify, works of art, the products of great skill, which will be valued when the company of dancers here assembled have laid aside their ballet shoes.

Foreword by Sacheverell Sitwell.

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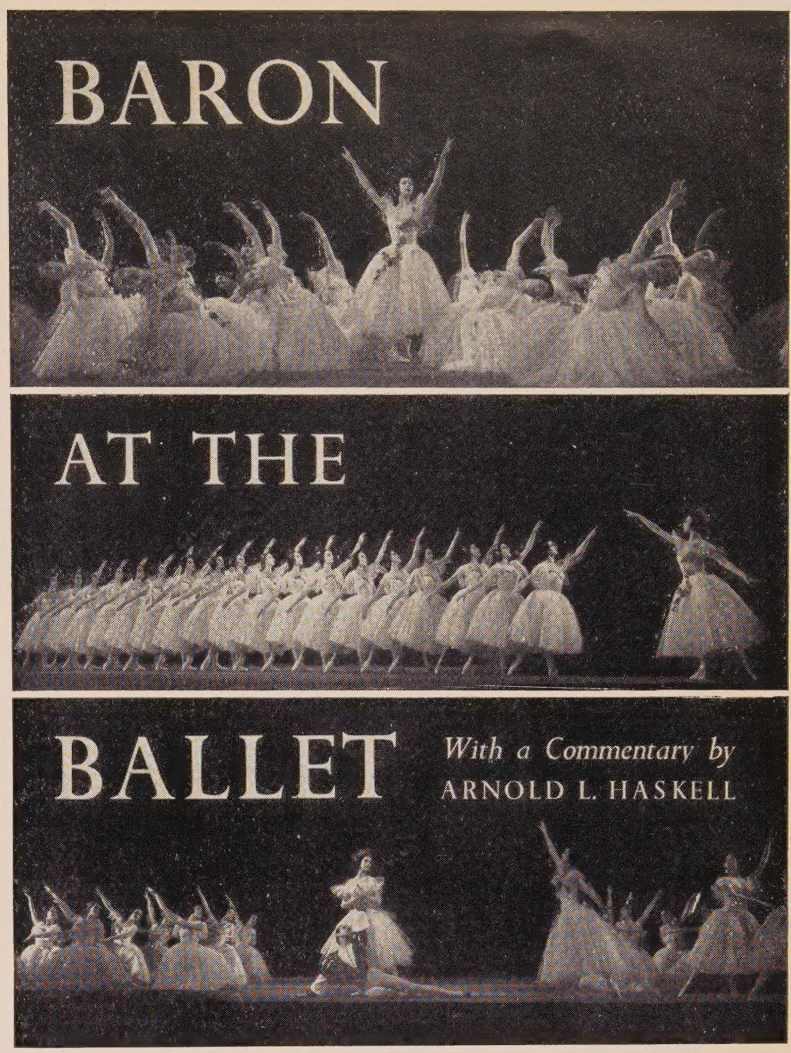

MARGOT FONTEYN—Baron reveals a magnificent moment of Fonteyn's artistry in what is a fine example of a posed action study referred to in his introduction.

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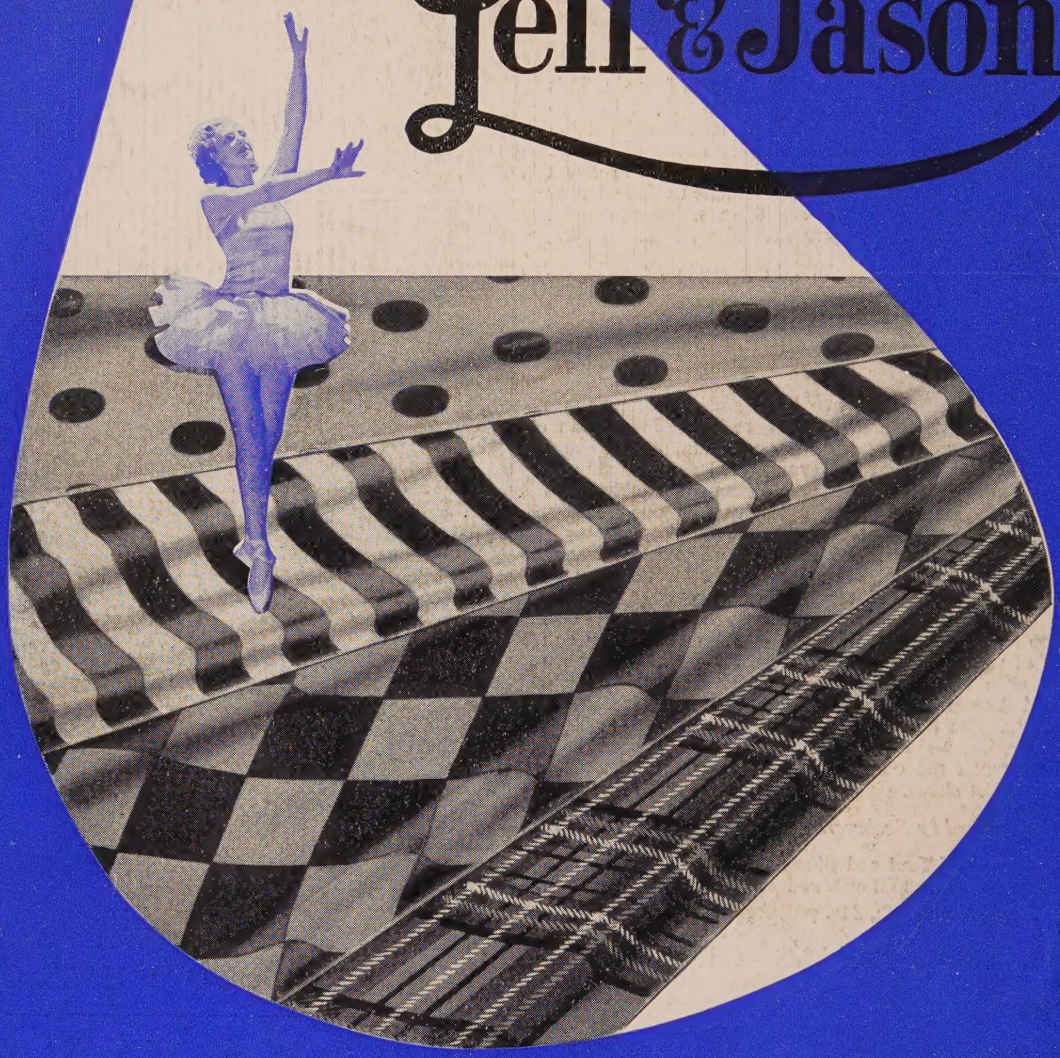

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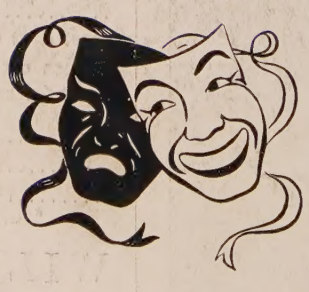

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